

MEMORIAL ON THE PLAINS

No chiseled stone has marked this burial place,
No greening square of damp and shaven lawn,
Nor bud nor bloom upon the mounded space,
No path where long remembering steps have gone;
Here only comes the wind in lingering mood
And storm of dust and sparse infrequent rain,
Oh here are loneliness and solitude,
No mourner comes this desolate way again;
It is by chance I bend the prairie grass
And bow my head in silent memory here,
Yet shall these sentient moments as they pass
Be tribute to your faith, oh Pioneer,
For now my weak and doubting heart has found
A valiant courage from this hallowed ground.

—Vesta Pierce Crawford, R. S. Mag., January, 1938.

*"Heart Throbs of the
West," Vol 2 p 209*